

## WHAT CHILDREN WANT.

What is that the pick-and-pan,  
And pattered small boy long for most,  
When he sits upon his palmy throne  
And gingerbread and buttered toast  
What does he hunger for when he's  
Of toys scarce make a moment's mirth  
Pining in a palatial home,  
Most likely he wants the earth.

The splendid house and well-kept  
grounds,  
Where naught is ever out of place,  
Seem like a prison—pretty clothes  
Like fetters. Better barren space  
And poverty and patches! Oh,  
To wear just knicker and a shirt,  
And with his Mother Earth disport,  
A dirty boy in wholesome dirt.

'Tis not a sand-heap that he wants—  
Sifted far too nice and clean and white  
With its alone he never could make  
Of mamma's pet a "perfect child";  
Their rage, bare legs, and liberty  
He craves; textured upbraidings all,  
And long to romp up here and now  
His share of this terrestrial ball.

The small girl, too. Oh, grown-ups, say  
What master cook's achievement vies  
In grand importance with your first  
Big batch of sun-baked fruit and pies?  
Then pity girls and boys who pine  
Mid plenty, princelings still ring death  
That paupers knew not since these get—  
What all smart children want—the earth!

—Mary Norton Bradford, in Boston  
Globe.

## Cruise of the White Dove

By Charles Mercur Harper.

WONDER and delight thrilled the  
Mangold boys when the railroad  
gang reached the edge of the prairie  
claim. For days, almost for weeks,  
the slow approach of the laborers had  
been watched. First above the  
horizon, then creeping across the level  
plain—it seemed that they would never  
come.

Rob, Tad and roly-poly Link stood  
in line, gazing curiously at the wielders  
of pick and shovel crossed the boundary  
of the farm.

"Want a ride, boys?" called one of  
the men, motioning toward the flat  
push car standing on the newly laid  
track.

"Course we do," and the three boys  
soon sat on the long car, their six bare  
brown legs hanging out, while the men  
trundled them along the track toward  
the piles of rails and ties.

That was the beginning. The men  
stayed for a long time on the Mangold  
claim, for there were along the creek  
bluffs and hills to work through. The  
boys fairly lived beside the track and  
pushed the now little used flat car back  
and forth, enjoying the novel play-thing.

"Wish we had an engine," remarked  
Tad one summer day, gazing away to  
the north: "It's such hard work pushing."

There were no grades on the line  
from the bluffs northward, and the  
boys richly earned all the rides they  
sought.

Rob, wide-hatted and brown checked  
lad of 14, had an idea. Perhaps it came  
because of seafaring ancestors back in  
Maine, the family's native state.

"I know," he exclaimed: "let's put  
up a sail!"

A shout arose from the trio, and a  
council was held as they sat on the  
edge of the battered old platform.

"What can we make it of, and where  
can we get it?" asked Tad, rather in-  
definitely.

Rob thought a minute. Then he  
whispered something to the others, and  
a series of chuckles and leg-slappings  
followed. The three hurried through  
the prairie grass homeward.

Father had gone to the county seat  
town 20 miles away; mother was pa-  
tiently finishing the week's ironing in  
the summer kitchen.

Cautiously Rob led the way to the  
little unpainted granary where were  
kept the implements and tools be-  
longing to the farm. Over the plow  
and binders he crawled until he came  
to a pile of brown sacks—long, close-  
woven and soiled. When the sheep were  
sheared in the spring the fleeces were  
packed in such receptacles, tramped  
down by Rob's bare feet. A few of the  
sacks had been left and were tossed  
on the granary floor, forming one of  
the favorite resting places of the three  
boys.

"Just the thing," declared Rob,  
holding one high in the air, and when  
Tad had joined him they quickly ripped  
the stitching and had before them sev-  
eral large squares of bagging.

"Now for a mast." Nothing is quite  
so scarce on the prairie claim, long  
miles from a lumber yard, as a stick of  
timber. But the granary itself was a  
resource. Climbing among the rafters,  
Rob found a long narrow board which  
he thought would do and could be  
spared. Down it came clattering to the  
floor.

Days of labor followed before the sail  
was completed. With a picture from a  
magazine as a guide, with some cord  
and wire for fastenings, Rob measured  
and sewed, and dreamed of the sea, al-  
most making himself believe that he  
was to guide an obedient sloop over  
blue waters.

When it was ready he lifted the odd  
apparatus against the granary wall.  
There were three timbers—the up-  
right mast and the cross-pieces hold-  
ing the big and nearly square sail.

"We'll call it the 'White Dove,'" an-  
nounced Rob.

"But it ain't white," protested Tad.

"Never mind—that was the name  
of grandpa's boat, and he sailed to the  
Newfoundland banks in it."

So the "White Dove" it was. Next  
was to come the launching.

The hills and a curve in the rail-  
road made opportunity for the young  
navigators. One day, when father  
was again in town, they sailed toward  
the track—Rob burdened with the sail  
rolled tight and Tad laboriously drag-  
ging the timbers.

Up and down the track they looked—  
to the southwest it wound into the  
bluffs where the men were making the  
dirt fly; to the north it stretched  
straight away until it was lost in the  
shimmering haze of the horizon.

"Quick, Tad, bring it on," were  
Capt. Rob's orders, and the equipment  
of the land sloop began. The task  
was more difficult than they had  
thought, but patiently they labored  
and contrived all the time forgetful  
of their surroundings or of danger  
being discovered.

Little Link had been left behind.  
Big tears made white paths through  
the dirt on his round cheeks, but he  
was loyal to the adventurers, who

had told him that he would be in the  
way at the launching, but might go  
some other time. He crawled among  
the plows and binders to the remain-  
der of the pile of sacks and sobbed  
himself to sleep.

It was one of those "hot-wind"  
days known only on the prairie. Like  
furnace breaths the air came out of  
the southwest, curling the blades of  
corn and withering the morning-glory  
vines that sheltered the cabin win-  
dows. It was the second day of the  
"hot wind"—There will be one more  
and then rain," said the farmers.

But at the Mangold cabin there was  
something besides the wind or possi-  
bly crop failure to alarm the tired  
mother. Mrs. Mangold looked out of  
the window several times, marking the  
closeness of the atmosphere, but she  
saw nothing in the hazy sky to  
frighten her. At mid-afternoon she  
became more uneasy and went out of  
doors to the south of the house.

For an instant it seemed that all  
her strength would leave her; her face  
paled and she gave a despairing cry  
for help.

Extending in a long line from east  
to west and driven by the fierce wind  
came a ribbon of fire that ate up the  
dry prairie grass and was bounding  
forward as if rejoicing in its freedom.  
It was a mile away—was there time  
to escape?

To the barn and sheds she ran, call-  
ing "Rob! Tad! Link!"

Not a voice answered. Wild in her  
terror, she returned to the house,  
seized a few keapakes and again  
went out of doors. Where could the  
boys be?

The granary! To it she hurried and  
her cry rang through the building:  
"Oh, Rob! Tad! Link!"

Sleepily, Link answered from his  
bed on the wool sacks, "What you want?"

In an instant his mother was by his  
side, almost carrying him to the open  
air.

"Where—where are the boys?"  
"Sallin' th' 'White Dove.'"

Link was almost afraid to tell lest  
he would lose his promised ride, but  
he told in his mother's face decided him.

"Where—what do you mean?"  
He pointed toward the north. She  
could see two small forms standing on  
the low car, struggling with a flap-  
ping cloth, evidently too large for  
their strength.

"Come!" and half dragging the roly-  
poly Link, she raced over the plain  
toward the track. The fire line had  
swung in an irregular course, and,  
while it skirted the bluffs in one di-  
rection and was dying out in the short  
grass of the hills behind which the men  
were working, it blazed more fiercely  
than ever to the southeast and east.

She could not find safety in any di-  
rection but to the north. Behind the  
frightened mother the flames leaped  
gleefully.

Rob and Tad, toiling with the un-  
wieldy sail had not noticed the fire  
nor did they see their mother until  
she was by their side. Then they start-  
ed guiltily.

"We ain't hurtin' any," began Rob,  
but he glanced at his mother's face, and  
all thought of excuses vanished.

"Come, boys, run," she gasped, look-  
ing along the track, wondering if the  
narrow stretch of fresh earth would  
save them.

She made a start for the ties, still  
holding to Link's hand, while Rob  
spoke: "Let's get on the car—and  
you help us."

"Ain't it?" added Tad.

It was a new idea, but the quickened  
wits of the women grasped it. Lift-  
ing little Link to the splinter-covered  
platform of the car, she helped Rob  
with the sail, while Tad clambered  
aboard.

With her assistance the heavy cross-  
piece and its burden of bagging was  
hoisted. Then each held a lower cor-  
ner of the cloth, while with the hot  
wind, heated more intensely by the  
blaze a few rods away, filled and bulged  
and strained.

Rob slid to the ground and pushed  
the car until it was under way. Then  
to his seat. Glory! The wind was  
carrying them faster—faster!

Following a slough, the fire had run  
ahead in places, and now blazed on  
both sides of the track a mile ahead.

With pace increasing and with the  
rattling wheels drowning all attempts  
at talking, they approached the fiery  
trail. Mrs. Mangold hid Link's curly  
head in her dress and threw her apron  
over her own. But Rob and Tad braved  
it through like soldiers, securing pro-  
tection.

For an instant smoke blinded them,  
little darts of flame were here and there.  
The sail was in danger. Rob and Tad  
lost courage and bowed their faces  
close to their knees; then they rushed  
out into the clear air again, and the  
fire was behind—one tall pillar of  
smoke far away telling of their cabin  
home's destruction.

Swifter and swifter whirled the  
wheels of the little car, tighter clung  
the mother to Link's chubby form.  
Mrs. Mangold's hair streamed loose in  
the wind. The sail rounded beauti-  
fully, and they were pushed forward  
at a rate that would have been a delight  
under different circumstances, and  
even then gave Rob and Tad a thrill of  
pleasure.

Ten miles away was the village of  
Manchester.

As they passed the little depot the  
agent came out and waved his hands  
frantically. Peering under the sail in  
front of the car, sure enough they  
could see danger—the daily train from  
the north was coming!

Rob looked at his mother. She shout-  
ed one word: "Jump!"

Rob and Tad tumbled off on the  
fresh earth on one side, while the  
mother, clasping Link, went off the oth-  
er, none being much hurt.

The car plunged forward with little  
slackened speed. In vain the engineer  
tried to stop and get away from the  
queer-looking thing bearing down upon  
him.

A clank, a crash, a crackling of tim-  
bers, and the "White Dove" lay partly  
in the ditch, partly impaled on the  
engine's front. Its cruise was over.—Chi-  
cago Daily Record.

What He Petitioned For.  
A little Chicago chap who has a good  
deal of human nature in his make-up  
was saying his prayers before retiring  
one evening, and, after asking a bless-  
ing for the various members of his  
household, he concluded as follows:  
"And don't forget to bless Brother Jim  
and make him as good a boy as I am."

## OKLAHOMA

### IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE TERRITORY.

#### Indian Enrollment Rules.

Vinita, T. T. The Dawes commission  
has established the following rules and  
precedents governing the enrolling of  
Cherokees now going on at Hunch, I. T.  
If a white person, prior to December  
16, 1905, legally married a Cherokee,  
Shawnee or Delaware citizen of the  
Cherokee nation, that person was made  
a citizen by intermarriage or adoption.  
The Cherokee council repealed the act  
giving citizens by adoption or inter-  
marriage property rights on December  
16, 1905. The Dawes commission will  
respect this act of the Cherokee legisla-  
ture and will refuse to enroll any  
white person who has married into the  
tribe since that date.

If a white person married a Cherokee  
prior to 1880 his name will appear on  
the authorized roll of Cherokee citi-  
zens of 1880, and nothing further will  
be required of him. No person whose  
application was rejected by the Dawes  
commission heretofore will be enrolled  
at this time. All citizens adopted since  
1880, upon applying for enrollment,  
must present their marriage licenses  
with their certificates of marriage.

All children born since the roll of  
1880 was made will be enrolled upon  
affidavit, made in accordance with the  
form adopted by the commission.  
All applicants for enrollment who  
have been admitted by the constituted  
authorities of the Cherokee nation  
since 1880 are required to bring with  
them the original decree of the court  
or commission or act of the council ad-  
mitting them.

#### To Be Uncle Sam's Surgeon.

Guthrie, Dr. W. B. Baker, surgeon of  
this city is in receipt of a telegram notify-  
ing him of his appointment as a surgeon in  
the hospital corps of Uncle Sam's fight-  
ing force and requesting him to name  
the day on which he can start for the  
front. Dr. Baker wired in return that  
he would be ready in one week. The  
telegram received is as follows:

"Washington, D. C., August 1.

"Dr. W. B. Baker, Guthrie, O. T.

"Will you accept contract for foreign  
service at \$1500 per month? State  
earliest day you can start."

"STERNBERG, Surgeon General."

Dr. Baker tendered his services only  
four days before the telegram was re-  
ceived. He was with the Oklahoma  
boys at the front during the Spanish  
war and his experience gleaned then is  
in a great part responsible for his  
ready acceptance by the department at  
this time.

#### Reservation Taxes.

Guthrie. For several years the cat-  
tlemen having cattle in the Osage In-  
dian reservation have been fighting the  
law which provided that the property  
of white people on Indian reservations  
should be taxed in the county to which  
the reservation was attached for judi-  
cial purposes. The Osage county coun-  
cil is attached to Pawnee county and  
two years. Recently at a conference of  
the county commissioners and the mem-  
bers of the cattlemen's association a  
compromise was reached in which the  
commissioners agreed to remit half of  
the taxes of 1899 if the cattlemen all  
paid up, and the county treasurer was  
handed a check for \$30,000 in payment  
of all the back taxes on the Osage re-  
servation.

#### Son Against Father.

Oklahoma City. The case of George  
Smith vs. Daniel Smith, forcible entry  
and detainer, was decided in favor of  
the plaintiff in the probate court yes-  
terday afternoon. In this case the  
plaintiff is a son of the defendant, and  
much bitterness was displayed on both  
sides. George was the owner of a  
farm near Choctaw city until about a  
year ago when he decided to go to his  
father. Last February suit was brought  
in the district court by the son to set  
aside the deed, he claiming that it was  
obtained by fraud.

The feeling between the father and  
son at that time was very bitter and  
serious trouble was narrowly averted.  
The suit decided was an outgrowth of  
the one still pending in the district  
court.

#### Burned to Death.

Ende Wave. Miss Grace Tilton, who  
was so frightfully burned by a gasoline  
stove explosion on Monday, July 16,  
died at her home on West Monroe ave-  
nue yesterday. As most of the Wave  
readers are familiar with the particulars  
of the accident which caused Miss Til-  
ton's death, they need no reiteration.  
She was 21 years of age, a native of  
Oxford, Ohio. The deceased leaves a  
mother, who lives in Oxford, Kansas;  
two brothers living here, Rose and  
John, and one brother, Frank, living  
at Dugget, Cal. Her father died in  
1876. The mother of Miss Tilton has  
been at her side since the accident.  
The remains of the deceased will be  
shipped to Oxford, Kansas, where she  
will be laid to rest beside her father.

#### Death Comes in Horrible Form.

This morning, says a Guthrie dis-  
patch of the 4th, happened one of the  
most horrible accidents that has occur-  
ed in this city. George Russ, city  
scavenger, and Jud Hines, a helper,  
were engaged in cleaning a vault in  
the rear of the block on the corner of  
Harrison and Second street, when Russ  
was overcome by the gases and plunged  
in. Mr. Hines in trying to save him  
lost his hold on a ladder and also fell  
in. Theodore Case arrived and Hines  
was resuscitated. Mr. Russ was dead  
when help reached him.

#### OF A MILITARY NATURE.

A gunner's life was saved in South  
Africa by the bullet lodging in a pack  
of cards that he had in the pocket of  
his khaki jacket.

The average age of the men now at  
the front is, according to a military  
statist, two years higher than that of  
soldiers who fought at Waterloo.

The bayonet became a British weap-  
on during the reign of Charles II. It  
then resembled a lance or pike head,  
and was served into the barrel of the  
musket when the latter had been dis-  
charged.

#### Osage Indians Growing White.

Pawhuska. The census just com-  
pleted shows that the Osage tribe now  
numbers 1783, an increase of 100 since  
the previous census. The most inter-  
esting development is that of change  
of color. The figures show that the  
tribe is bleaching out at a rapid rate,  
many white people marrying into the  
tribe.

The number of males over 18 years of  
age—full bloods 240; mixed bloods, 169.  
Number of females over 18 years old—  
full bloods 281; mixed bloods, 230.  
School children—full bloods, 205; mix-  
ed bloods, 309. Total males—full  
bloods, 437; mixed bloods, 457. Total  
females—full bloods, 429; mixed bloods  
500. Total full bloods, 866; mixed  
bloods 917.

It will be noticed that of the males  
over 18 the full bloods are a large ma-  
jority. It will also be noticed that by  
reducing the age two years the pro-  
portions change slightly. But the rad-  
ical change come in the school chil-  
dren. In this class the mixed bloods  
greatly outnumber the full bloods.

Recently there has been a great de-  
mand for Indian wives and a great  
many white women have taken Indian  
husbands. The Indians are wealthy and  
in almost every instance of intermar-  
riage the condition of the wife is im-  
proved. Agent Mitscher has just fin-  
ished paying out \$50 a head to the  
Osages. He has on hand the money to  
make a similar payment this fall.

#### Picked Up by a Train Crew.

A ferry dispatch of the 4th says: On  
yesterday morning's freight train from  
the north was brought a man uncon-  
scious and by the authorities he was  
turned over to the proprietors of the  
Palace hotel to care for until he re-  
covered consciousness. At four o'clock  
in the evening he was still unconscious  
but the physicians in attendance said  
he would recover from his wounds. He  
is bruised all over and on his hip is a  
large contusion and his skull is pos-  
sibly fractured slightly. His wounds  
have all been dressed and the physi-  
cians say his unconsciousness is caused  
from concussion of the brain. From  
letters on his person his name is found  
to be C. G. Toland, and his home is  
Wellsville, Kansas. Several late re-  
ceipts from a Modern Woodmen lodge  
of that place show him to be a member  
of that order. He is supposed to have  
been recently at work at Du Queen,  
Arkansas. He was found unconscious  
by a train crew near the track at Red  
Rock station.

#### Full Bloods Hang Back.

Muskogee. I. T. Nearly 10,000 al-  
located certificates, known as allotment  
certificates, have been issued by the  
Creek nation land office at this place.  
This shows that about two-thirds of  
the citizens of the Creek nation have  
selected their allotments. The remain-  
ing one-third will be slow in coming in,  
as they consist mostly of full-blood  
Creek Indians, who have always been  
opposed to the allotment of their lands  
and they will probably not make their  
selections until they are forced to do  
so. Last winter the Dawes commission  
found it necessary to locate the homes  
of some of those who refused to take  
allotments themselves.

#### Two are Killed by Gas.

Fairview. Ludwig Dell and Peter  
Koep, two Germans living near this  
place, were killed by gas while digging  
well one day recently. Mr. Dell was  
at work in the well and struck his bar  
pick into a hole which seemed to be  
filled with gas. He cried for help and  
Mr. Koep went down. He succeeded in  
getting the rope around Mr. Dell, who  
was at once drawn out but before the  
rope could be let down again to Mr.  
Koep he was overcome by the gas. His  
son was let down and succeeded in  
getting his father out, but too late to  
save his life. Mr. Koep died the  
next morning, and Mr. Dell, while still  
living, cannot possibly recover.

#### Railway Collision at Cashion.

When the Santa Fe passenger train  
from Guthrie to Kinshasha reached  
Cashion on the morning of August 1,  
an accident occurred that caused con-  
siderable excitement in that village for  
some time. A passenger coach was  
standing on the track, but for some  
reason was not seen by the engineer  
until too late, and the engine struck  
the coach with full force, damaging  
the coach a great deal and completely  
annihilating the front part of the en-  
gine. No one was injured.

#### "Moonshiner" Arrested.

Ardmore. An illicit still has been  
discovered and captured by United  
States marshals in a locality known as  
"Timber Hill," 50 miles northeast from  
here. Five men and two women were  
arrested in connection with the plant.  
Officers have been on the hunt for  
distillers since last winter, but until two  
days ago have been unable to locate.

#### Hunter's Accidental Death.

Guthrie Capital. The saddest mat-  
ter of news to be recorded by the city's  
press for a number of years is the ac-  
cidental death of Sidney Carter, which  
occurred about nine o'clock yesterday  
(2) morning while with a hunting  
party on the Cottonwood river. The  
discharge by accident of 22-calibre rifle  
caused his almost instant death, expir-  
ing while lying in the arms of a com-  
rade.

#### Barbecue at Tishomingo.

The barbecue given by the people at  
Tishomingo was a successful gathering  
August 1. The crowd was esti-  
mated at 5,000. There was food for  
all. Indian baseball games and other  
amusements entertained the crowd.

#### OF FOREIGN INTEREST.

Roasted grasshoppers are still es-  
teemed a great delicacy by the na-  
tives of Morocco.

Bombay receives its water from  
three large lakes, which receive their  
supply from a region that is intensely  
malarious.

The municipal authorities of Lon-  
don are engaged in the establishment  
of sterilized milk plants in different  
parts of the English metropolis.

## THERE EVEN DEATH IS SLOW.

Where Insurance Agents Are Willing  
to Take All Kinds of  
Risks.

Everybody in the oilcloth and linoleum  
trade knows "the Potter boys," of Phi-  
ladelphia and New York. Col. Tom Potter,  
of the former city, who got his title through a  
staff appointment by a former governor of  
Pennsylvania, is a thorough Philadelphian,  
a firm believer in that town—in all her in-  
stitutions, big and little, and in her magnifi-  
cent future, but he always helps to circulate  
a good story on Philadelphia, just the same,  
says the New York Commercial.

A bustling "free lance" in the life in-  
surance business was over there the other day  
trying to write \$20,000 policy in a New  
York company for a rising young man who  
holds an important position with the Pot-  
ter family. This was his third or fourth  
call, and he had his intended victim almost  
worked up to the point of signing the ap-  
plication.

"I'll take the policy," he said, "but I  
don't want it just yet. Wait a few weeks."  
"No time like the present time," exclaimed  
the agent. "Delays are particularly dan-  
gerous in life insurance matters. I'll tell you  
what I'll do in your case—if you'll make the  
application now I'll carry the policy myself  
for you."

"Oh, I wouldn't have you do that," the  
young man protested. "I might die within  
30 days, and then where would you and your  
policy be?"

"Oh, that's all right, my boy! I'll take  
the risk. You won't die that quick. Nobody  
in Philadelphia ever died in 30 days!"

#### On a Trip.

When a preparation has an advertised  
reputation that is world-wide, it means that  
preparation is meritorious. If you go into  
store to buy an article that has achieved  
universal popularity like Cascarets Candy  
Cathartic for example, you feel it has the  
endorsement of the world. The judgment  
of the people is in its favor. It is impos-  
sible for the retailer who wants to sell you  
"something else" in place of the article you  
ask for, has an axe to grind. Don't it stand  
reason? He's trying to sell something that  
is not what he represents it to be. Why?  
Because he expects to derive an extra profit  
from the "something else." Don't you see  
through his little game? The man who will  
try to sell you a substitute for Cascarets  
is a fraud. Beware of him! He is trying to  
steal the heavenly earned benefits of a re-  
putation which another business man has paid  
for, and if his conscience will allow him to  
go so far, he will go farther. If he cheats  
his customer in one way, he will cheat in  
another and it is not safe to do business with him.  
Beware of the Cascarets substitute!  
Remember Cascarets is never sold in  
bulk but in metal boxes with the long tailed  
"C" on every box and each tablet stamped  
C. C. C.

#### An Eye for Healer.

The new reporter in his story of the wed-  
ding wrote: "The floral display stretched  
from the chancel rail to the door of the  
church."  
The city editor, in a mild manner, as is the  
custom of city editors with new reporters,  
suggested:  
"Couldn't you have used a better word  
than 'stretched'? Say the floral display  
'nodded,' or 'twined,' or something like that—  
some word more suggestive of flowers."  
"Stretched" is all right," replied the new  
reporter, with the stubborn courage of a  
realist. "The decorations consisted of six  
sublimely plain and they were stretched out  
to the distance."—Baltimore American.

#### Four to One.

An English officer in Malta stopped, in rid-  
ing, to ask a native the way. He was an-  
swered by a shrug of the shoulders and a  
"No speak English."  
"You're a bit, then," said the officer.  
"But the man knew enough English to ask:  
"Do you understand Maltese?"  
"No."  
"Do you know Arabic?"  
"No."  
"Do you know Italian?"  
"No."  
"Do you know Greek?"  
"No."  
"Then you four fools. I only one!"—N.  
Y. Sun.

#### Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a  
cancer, you will never get well until your  
bowels are put right. Cascarets Candy Cathar-  
tic cure you without a gripe or pain, produce  
easy natural movements, cost you just 10  
cents to start getting your health back.  
Cascarets Candy Cathartic is the genuine, put  
up in metal boxes, every tablet has "C. C. C."  
stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

#### Sarcasm.

Myrr—Have you noticed what a lot of  
new houses are being put up all over the  
city?  
Geyer—Yes; and I've been wondering why  
they don't put up a few old ones just for  
a change.—Indianapolis Journal.

#### The Hoaxes of China.

are attempting to solve a gigantic problem,  
but they are going about it in the wrong way  
and will never succeed. Some people in  
this country, seem to think that they have  
as good a chance of making money in China  
as in any other place. They will certainly  
lose a fortune. They are going to make a  
location for a home. They will certainly  
lose about it in the wrong way unless they in-  
spect the beautiful farming country on the  
line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul  
Railway in Marinette county, Wisconsin,  
where the crops are of the best, work plenty,  
fine markets, excellent climate, pure, soft  
water, land sold cheap and on easy terms.  
Why rent a farm when you can buy one for  
less than you pay for rent? Address C. E.  
Hollander, Land Agent, 161 La Salle St., Chi-  
cago, Ill.

#### "This boy of mine," said the distressed